

## Never Catch Up by Carerra\_os

**Series:** [Hairspray and Rentals \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Fluff, M/M, Weight Issues

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Keith (Stranger Things), Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Steve Harrington/Keith

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-07-07

**Updated:** 2021-07-07

**Packaged:** 2022-03-31 11:30:36

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,163

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

Steve get's weird about his weight sometimes and Keith makes him forget about his worries.

-

Keith moves into the bathroom, Steve is distracted and does not notice him until he is standing right behind him. "What are you doing?" He asks chin on Steve's crown, eyes watching him in the mirror, arms around his shoulders.

"Nothing." Steve denies, hands dropping away to rest on the counter but he is still frowning and Keith just curls his arms tighter around Steve. Keith could leave it, could let Steve keep holding this worry in but he really does not want to.

# Never Catch Up

## Never Catch Up

Steve gets weird about his weight sometimes, worried he is going to get fat, something his mother drilled into him at a young age because she thought he had been a chubby baby when really he was of average weight. These days he can usually ignore it but after phone calls from his mother those worries always flare up. She always asks about his weight under the guise of sending him new clothes and even when he has not gained any she tisks because he has not lost any either.

He does not talk about it and Keith does not normally press, knowing Steve has things he just does not like to talk about his parents among them. Keith is not stupid though he knows Steve has some issues about his weight, knows he worries especially after calls from his parents. He cooks healthier for a few days before relenting to things they both actually like, pulling one of Keith's hoodies on and hiding in it. One day Keith catches him in the bathroom shirt off pinching the skin on his stomach, mushing it together and trying to make it jiggle with a frown and his brow creased. Keith knows that look, knows Steve is fretting over something he really does not need to be fretting over.

Keith moves into the bathroom, Steve is distracted and does not notice him until he is standing right behind him. "What are you doing?" He asks chin on Steve's crown, eyes watching him in the mirror, arms around his shoulders.

"Nothing." Steve denies, hands dropping away to rest on the counter but he is still frowning and Keith just curls his arms tighter around Steve. Keith could leave it, could let Steve keep holding this worry in but he really does not want to.

"Come on, just tell me, I don't need you brooding all week and forcing me to eat steamed everything. Come on, save us both some trouble and spill, get whatever it is off your chest." Keith huffs, he really does not like it when Steve gets all broody, does not like to watch the tension winding him tighter and tighter. He likes the remedy, a night of rough sex, bending Steve to his will when he's being a brat is always great for winding him back down. He does not like watching Steve torture himself all week though, especially over something inconsequential.

Steve's mouth twists like he is going to resist and Keith gives his nipple a twist as he leans down, mouth brushing over his ear. Keith cuts to the quick, hoping to avoid the winding. "Come on be good and tell me what's bothering you."

Steve deflates, bottom lip pouting out as he stares at Keith through the mirror with big damp eyes. "I'm getting fat." Keith does not mean to laugh but he cannot help the snort that escapes him at such an obscured statement, Steve's stomach is as flat as it has always been since Keith has known him. Keith curls his arms tighter around Steve when he tries to get away, taking offense and going angry. "Get off of me you dick."

"No, no, no. Hey, hey I'm not making fun of you. Calm down." Keith puts a little base in his voice at the end, getting Steve to at least stop trying to squirm out of his hold so he has a chance to explain. "You aren't fat, or getting fat. Look at your flat little tummy." Keith snorts again with a shake of his head. Steve's got the tiniest layer of fat covering his tight stomach muscles, he is not getting fat. The fattest part of his body is his ass and Keith would say it is one of Steve's best assets if asked. Steve can put on all of the weight and Keith would not care one bit, he is pretty sure there is nothing Steve could change about his appearance that would change the way he feels about him.

"I'm getting a big belly." Steve says his lower lip wobbling because clearly he actually thinks that and thinks it is a bad thing.

Keith shakes his head with a sigh, hands dropping lower to cover Steve's flat tummy. "This, this is not a big belly, it's barely even a belly. I have a big belly. Do you suddenly have an issue with my belly?" Keith knows he does not, he just wants Steve to see how unfounded his worry is. When Steve is tired and Keith is on the couch watching something, not yet ready to go to bed, Steve will come over and push Keith until he reclines enough so he can pillow his head on his stomach. It has become one of his go to nap spots, going so far as to drag Keith away from other things to make him lay on the couch with him. Keith is pretty sure only half of it is because he likes having his hair played with and Keith always absently ends up carding his fingers through Steve's thick locks.

"No I love your belly." Steve says, anger dropping as he twists in Keith's hold, his own hands dropping down to Keith's pudgy stomach. "It's the perfect nap spot." He says softly, gentle hands rubbing over Keith's rolls with appreciation.

"I love your flat little belly too and I will always have a bigger one." Keith insists firmly, pressing Steve back until his ass hits the counter, bending to work a trail with his mouth from Steve's hairline to his neck looking to wipe all of his worries away. Steve's hands slide around him, clenching in the back of his shirt when Keith gives a sharp nip just under his chin.

"You don't know that." Steve insists breathily, pushing up and seating himself on the counter before pulling Keith between his thighs.

"I do. I'll make sure of it, no more leftovers. I'm going to eat them all from now on. Your belly will never catch up." Keith insists, hands sliding down to cup Steve's ass thumbs tucking down under the waistband.

"This is all just a ploy so that I won't fight you for the last slice of pizza isn't it." Steve says with a laugh, none of that furrowed brow or insecurity remaining.

"Maybe but we always end up splitting it anyway," Keith says with a little shrug, sliding lower, kissing a trail from Steve's neck over his collarbone and chest, mouth just barely brushing against Steve's nipple as he drops to his knees heading for Steve's belly. "Want to go to bed? I can show you just how much I love your belly." Keith says with a waggle of his eyebrows as he peers up at Steve. Who is looking down at him with a smile in his eyes and his bottom lip caught between his teeth, the look makes Keith's stomach flutter all warm and gooey.

**-end**

**Author's Note:**

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>